

I've Come Home

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Summary: Just a short little oneshot because I cannot stop fangirling over these two :3 Set during HTTYD. Extremely fluffy FrostCup... Like seriously, try not to choke on all of this fluff, people XD Read and let me know what you think, but it is my first fanfic ever, so please dont eat me ;u;

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A/N:

Holy da-jesus, I'm writing fanfiction? God, I have really stooped low XDD NO FUCKING REGRETS EITHER. But before I say anything else, I'd like to thank my best friend Swag who actually took the time to read this and didn't judge me for my weirdass-ness. You're the best wreck-shit-buddy a guy could have :D

This is a FrostCup story meaning yes, people are gay here. If this is a problem, GET THE FUCK OUTTA MY STORY XD If you don't, then welcome fellow shippers :D This is based on a pre-established relationship 'cause just about everyone has done the scene where Hiccup and Jack first meet, and I don't know how to do it without copying what has already been done. So yup. With that being said, I hope you enjoy the fic, lovies! ;3 Please comment and let me know what you think and if I should continue writing fics for these two or just go back and fangirl silently in whatever Hobbit hole I crawled out of.

~Now onto the story :3~

If Hiccup was to be completely honest, he still got nervous flying. It wasn't like he was expecting Toothless to suddenly fall asleep in the middle of the flight and plummet to the ground or anything like that, but his stomach subconsciously knotted every time he mounted the dragon and they set off into the sky. It was only about a hundred feet up in the air that the feeling completely dissipated into the chilly air. After that initial moment of uncertainty, of worrying

about what could happen, he felt weightless...stuck between that middle ground of euphoria and being scared shitless. He had a feeling Toothless could tell too. He always got a smirk - or whatever the hell you would call the dragon's expression - sent his way whenever they started off, and he always returned the look with a small nudge of his foot.

But this. This was asking way too much from him. It wasn't like he didn't trust Jack, far from that actually...but up at such a height without something a little more sturdy than the two twigs that the pale boy called arms was a little concerning to say the least.

"I know that look.. You're over thinking this." The winter spirit in question piped in, effectively breaking Hiccup out of his thoughts.

"You agreed. You can't back out now." Jack crossed his arms against his chest and raised one of those, all too perfect ivory brows. "What, don't trust me or something?" He asked, a hint of playfulness in his tone.

The freckled teen could have sworn there was a glint of something devious in Jack's eyes, but it was gone in about a split second, replaced by a completely innocent expression. "No...I do." He answered cautiously. His eyes flickered upwards for a brief moment before he closed them with a exasperated exhale. "Okay, fine, fine. I'll do it...Toothless," he turned towards dragon who now tilted his head up at him. "If he drops me, I want you to hunt down his ass and eat him, 'kay buddy?"

"Ouch, no faith."

"Not on my life, no."

"Ah, stop whining already."

Jack was upon the mortal boy in a split second, hooking his arms around his legs and back and hoisting him up about four feet above the ground with his staff held tightly in his hand. Hiccup's eyes snapped open, his expression nothing less than comical. Jack couldn't help but chuckle, the movement sending vibrations through the Viking's smaller frame. From this close he just wanted to tweak the spotted nose, Hiccup's wide-eyed expression too adorable for words.

"I'm having second thoughts about this."

"Oh c'mon, it'll be fun."

"You said that same thing about throwing snowballs at Gobbler."

Jack winced at the memory. Who knew the guy could run so fast with a freaking peg leg?

"Yeah, well...This is completely different."

"Why does that not sound reassuring?"

Rolling his pale blue eyes, Jack didn't bother to answer the question and flew up about fifteen feet in the air. He'd be nice and give the

other a few seconds to get used to it. He couldn't help the smug expression that found its way across his features as Hiccup gave a few frightened 'woahs' and clung onto him for dear life.

"You okay?"

"Oh, gods... I'm going to throw up."

"...I'll take that as a yes then?"

With that, Jack was off, clutching the terrified and cursing Hiccup to his chest. He laughed despite himself, the entire situation making him feel giddy to say the least. He had been restricted to flying on Toothless' back for the past few weeks simply because he just couldn't bare not being close to the dragon's awkward, yet adorable owner for even an hour's time, but it was...tiring to say the least. That and he couldn't say that he exactly liked giving up control when it came to flying, so it felt great to actually get out spread his wings for lack of a better expression.

Hiccup's disposition couldn't have been anymore different. The boy had called out to every Norse god there possibly was, his face buried in Jack's shirt, and his blunt nails digging almost painfully into the back of the pale boy's neck. Glancing downwards, Jack frowned. He really hadn't planned to scare the living hell out of the other.

An idea sparked inside the winter spirit's clever mind, and with a smirk he bent his head down to press his forehead against a tanner and much more freckly one. Hiccup glanced upwards in confusion, and Jack took this as his opportunity to blow an icy breath in the other's face, silvery-blue dust sparkling around his eyes. Blinking away the frost in his eyes, the emerald orbs shifted upwards to the mischievous sprite in confusion.

"What the heckâ€|?" Suddenly bubbling later found itself spilling from his mouth, the fear inside of him quickly melting away into a sort of ticklish feeling that -despite being held by pretty much the personification of winter - feltâ€|warm. "Y-Y-You...That is n-not even fair!" The words had a lack of venom to them that Hiccup probably had intended as they were broken up by several chortles of laughter that he couldn't even hope to contain. Loosening up his grip on the guardian, he didn't even seem to notice as they flew even higher than before, Berk a tiny, snow covered town in the far distance.

"Thisâ€|this is just awesome!" He leaned to the side to take in the sights. He had seen all of this before, of courseâ€| But being so high up with practically nothing supporting him made the whole experience exciting and new. That and he was currently high on what ever the hell kind of ice princess, fairy dust Jack had blown in his face. "How high do you think you can get?"

"I think this is about as high as I can take you." The pout Hiccup shot in his direction was too much and Jack full out laughed. "Well I mean, I can't have your head exploding on me or something like that can I?" A grudging mumble in agreement sounded from the boy in his arms, and Jack couldn't help but laugh whole heartedly. Honestly, how cute could one human be?

The rest of the flight went along completely smoothly from that

moment on. Jack broke into several loops and spins at Hiccup's request who was just soaking up the sheer thrill of it all with that goofy, crooked toothed grin of his. And honestly, Jack wasn't one to complain seeing how the other clung onto him tighter every time they flipped upside down. It was a win-win if you asked him.

It wasn't until the sun started to set and bright pinks and oranges began to refract across the sky that the two were completely worn out. Not even immortal spirits of the earth had endless stamina after all. Slowing down his speed, Jack redirected towards the Viking village. Despite how much he wanted to keep Hiccup to himself, the teen had a family and a life that he had to get back to. A pang of jealousy formed in Jack's chest, but he shook it off. Right now he was going to focus on the drowsy male in his arms, curling inwards towards him.

"So...What'd you think?"

Glancing up with half lidded eyes, Hiccup offered a close mouthed smile. "It was fun... I think I'll stick to riding Toothless though."

"Aw, you really are no fun at all." A bubbling laugh built up in his stomach and he leaned down, his teeth softly coming down on the warm and freckled skin of the scrawny Viking's nose in a playful gesture.

Hiccup blinked before pulling a face. "Did you really just bite my nose?"

"I'd prefer to think of it more as nipping."

"...Jack Frost just nipped at my nose... Sounds like a bad idiom for something." He muttered but couldn't help the slight pink now dusting across his cheeks and making his freckles disappear.

"Eh, can't be helped I guess."

It was silent for a few more moments as the village finally came into view. Glancing down below, a look of disdain spread across Hiccup's features. "Gods... I'm not ready for tomorrow at all."

Frowning, Jack slowed down his speed and shifted Hiccup in his arms so he could look at him easier. The boy had been a nervous wreck the entire day - that was the main reason he wanted to take him out flying, to get his mind off of things for a bit. Apparently there was some sort of ceremony or something a Viking had to go through when they came to age. He didn't know the details - Hiccup had a bad habit of rambling nonsensically when nervous - but all he knew was that the boy was supposed to kill a dragon in order to pass. And then there was something about his dad and whatnot, but he couldn't even hope to follow that story. Something about a breastplate and Odin. Vikings really were a strange breed of human.

"I... I won't be able to kill it. I can't. Not after Toothless and everything." The immortal being refocused on the concerned boy and shook his head.

"You'll think of something... There's gotta be some plan in that oversized, genius head of yours."

"Oh gee, thanks."

"...I could always make it blizzard?" Jack suggested with a kind smile, tilting his head to the side.

Hiccup just shook his head, his emerald eyes looking very distant. "No. I need to do this. There's no point trying to put it off longer."

Nodding understandably, Jack squeezed his friend to his chest reassuringly. He touched ground in the woods just behind the village, knowing that it'd look strange to say the least if Hiccup just came flying downwards out of the blue. Helping the other down to his feet, Jack straightened up to about a full head taller than the other. He wasn't the tallest guy around either, so Hiccup was just a midget.

It was then that the boy being inspected cleared his throat. "Wellâ€¦ That was fun." Oh crap, had he been talking before? Whoops. His eyes were looking around in that nervous way of his, his cheeks slightly puffing out and his arms swinging back and forth lightly. It was obvious he was at a loss for words now, and Jack almost found the whole look endearing. Man, he was starting to turn into a sap when it came to this kid.

"Yeah, I didn't even kill you, would you look at that!"

That earned him a chuckle from the brunette and Jack grinned, feeling accomplished. He wasn't all too good at cheering people up - heck, it's not like he had much practice at this sort of stuff - but with Hiccup it came almost naturally, like he had known the kid for pretty much his whole life. Granted, the two had met almost three months ago now, but still.

>"I better go, it's getting pretty late." Hiccup said with a lopsided smile, his brown locks ruffling slightly due to the wind. "See you around."<p>

"Okayâ€¦" The white haired male rubbed the back of his neck, his eyebrows now stitched together as the other took his first step away.

"Hey, Hiccup."

Said boy turned around, confusion written plainly across his features. "Yeah?"

Jack struggled with his words. He felt like he had to say more. To give much better encouragement than his previous, lame excuse of it. "You really don't need to stress about tomorrow. They have to believe you especially when they see it with their own eyes. Nothing's going to go wrong." Of course, he had no clue how wrong he was and how much of a disaster the next day would bring, but for now the words seemed to cheer up Hiccup who's eyes appeared to smile all on their own.

"Thanks." He grinned and looked like he was ready to turn back around again, but this time his movements were much slower as if he was debating something. Before Jack had time to question this, two skinny arms were thrown around his upperarms into a tight hug, the smaller

youth burying his face in the other's should in what was either embarrassment or endearment.

"I don't know how you do it...But I can believe anything's possible with you."

Jack would have liked to believed his expression remained stoic, but in truth his features were that like a pane of glass, spilling forth the sheer disbelief and astonishment he felt in that moment. It took him a moment to regain himself before leaning forward and hugging Hiccup back tightly, the foreign warmth of the boy seeping through the his thin clothes and creating a fluttering sensation in his stomach similar to the feeling he got as he soared through the sky. After so many years of telling himself that he was fine alone, that he liked it even, he saw now how wrong he had been. There wasn't anything that could compare to what he was feeling now in all his long years that he could remember.

It took nearly all of his willpower to pull away, but when he finally did he offered Hiccup a large smile. "Alright you. To your house with you, you're freezing out here."

Every last one of those crooked teeth could be seen as Hiccup grinned up at the taller boy, and he pulled away completely, leaving Jack for the first time ever feeling cold. "I'll see you tomorrow, 'kay?"

"You can count on it." It was hard to tell which of the two smiled the brightest at the words, and as Hiccup finally retreated Jack couldn't help but stand there and watch him go. After so many years of questioning his belonging and what he was meant to do in the world, things were finally coming together. This was what he had been searching for. This was home.

End  
file.